

NEW BOOKS.

Some Histories for the Glad Season.

The rascally Mannheim people, after all could not prevent the wide awake and extremely capable young fellow, who in Hollis Godfrey's story of "The Collector's Engine" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston) from winning the \$100 prize in the great dirigible balloon competition in Switzerland. The Mannheim people in order to secure the triumph of their own engine were willing to commit acts of felony. They employed very enterprising and ingenious agents. The theft of Jack's engine on the steamship going over was a beautiful touch of course a thoroughly nefarious piece of work, and the second poisoning of that superior article of mechanism, the Mannheim while Jack was travelling in it in a cab in a London fog, though less complicated, was thoroughly surprising. The Mannheim people got what they deserved. Jack was on hand when one of the rascals came limping down from the empyrean in a balloon on the occasion of the Henley regatta, and lodged in a tree and nothing could be finer than to see Jack when he raised up a phono-graph and piped the villains off while they were freely talking in the full assurance of security on an express train in the compartment just ahead. Jack was arrested in Switzerland on a false charge. He was stupidly locked up and delayed; his experience was immensely provoking; he missed his train, and he could not have reached the scene of competition in time if a balloon belonging to friends had not swooped down and taken him aboard. An exceedingly eventful and exciting story, and obviously a story up to date.

Much interest attaches to those wild parts of Canada where the timber is cut and where the moose and the caribou must look out for themselves in the open woods. In Mr. A. W. Dimock's story "Dick Among the Lumber Jacks" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) it may be read how Dick sauntered out on the piazza on a fine morning and how presently Mr. Watson, who had general charge of matters thereabouts, dashed at him with an air of concern and rubbed his nose briskly with a handful of snow. This was not a playful act on Mr. Watson's part; the boy's nose was frozen, though he did not know it, and the observing Mr. Watson was merely administering the customary cure. There! said Mr. Watson, when he had finished rubbing, "you are all right, with not much harm done. Your nose may be tender for a time, and perhaps it will peel a little. An occasional frostbite is all right, but it is bad to get in the habit of having them." Dick and his young friend Ned, whose father owned more than a million acres of the Canadian wilderness, had many lively adventures after that. The story relates the details of their experience—what they were, how they travelled, how they lodged, what they had to eat. Some of their adventures were serious enough. More than once they had to deal with rascally and violent men. They were never in any real danger, and the story is related in detail by Mr. Frank H. Kellogg in his story "Young Dick Shooters in Camp" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). We noticed that when the big bass was caught Beam declared, "My, but he's a peach!" and we thought how queerly language has come to be used, but doubtless a four pound bass is a peach and is a corker and might even be said to be a whale. The boys had no end of a good time. The way they shot ducks was a caution, and they could miss the ducks too on occasion. It was exciting when they went up a tree after a son and shatter down a wildcat and were matters still more exciting as for instance when the strange man with the scar came in at the time of the snowstorm and died in a delirium after the boys had treated him to whiskey and he had tried to shoot them. The wildcat made an end of poor old Nibs, a very faithful and lovable dog, and the sequel to the appearance of the insane man in the snowstorm was remarkable and stirring, for it involved the clearing out of a band of robbers who had stored their treasures in an ancient Indian mound—silks, velvet, bolts of cloth, watches, spoons, trinkets and small besides. It was wonderful to see the store by lantern light. Surely the story that the young duck-shooter called the big bass.

Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson's story of "The Young Blockaders" (Lathrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston) seems to have been intended to be instructive, for the activities of the chief characters cannot be said to have been very thrilling. They have had any pointed eventuation. Robert Hale and his uncle Dan did not lose the Southern Confederacy any very strong blows. They had some rather fine experiences on a barren island in the Gulf of Mexico. Uncle Dan unhappy was early taken prisoner and kept in a cell in defiance until the end of the war. He had somewhat of a reputation. He went on scouting expeditions in the incidents of which were more rather than stirring, he was on board the blockade runner Bantsee along with Mr. Hale. A man of deep mystery; he was married on the Bantsee to Havana and Wilmington without seeing or exchanging much that in the narration. He probably move the reader. It was not until at last to make Gilbert lost in the service of his country; still he is not so cruelly and shockingly treated. There is nothing to cheer up the case of Martin Hore for us. We do not know the reason for the movements and the things of that deeply loved man. He was a really different man. Mr. Hale who was a perfectly open character.

There is White's "Brothers in Fur" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a pleasant story of adventures. There was a wrong among the brothers when they thought that Mr. Bird was coming to them. They thought they were being away, but the case really was different. Bird was coming with his camera and his pictures. This is one incident of the cheerfully eventful history of the brothers. There are photographs of the characters, all of them charming.

Mr. Terry had the thought to be seen. Being the boy in here, Norah, a girl, and when Norah, the servant, was sent to see the Christmas lights in the streets Miss Terry, looking through the box, which contained the toys and memorials of her

childhood. It was her intention to cast the rubbishy things into the fire, but some of them she threw out into the street, and she found a cynical pleasure in watching how these were treated by wayfarers who found them. She had no faith in the loveliness of the Christmas spirit, but the night's experience converted her. The Christmas angel, a cheap and trifling figure, was encountered by a drunkard who kicked it with jubilant whoops along the snow. Miss Terry was not sentimental, but she ran out and rescued the angel and hung it in her front window with a candle to show it off. Surprising and charming consequences attended upon all Miss Terry's proceedings on that Christmas evening. The drunkard came back after kicking the angel, and seeing it cherished and shining in the window he became a better man. Miss Terry's brother Tom also, from whom she had been estranged, came around that evening, saw the angel in the window and made up with his sister, or at least gave her the opportunity, which she seized, to make up with him. The Christmas spirit manifested itself in a number of ways and most powerfully on that snowy and beautiful evening, and it is delightful to read about it all in this sensitive and well told tale. The book is prettily made; it has good illustrations by Reginald Birch, and it is an excellent book for Christmas. It is written by Abbie Farwell Brown, and is called "The Christmas Angel" (Houghton Mifflin Company).

We and Spain were once angry with each other, but that difference blow over and no generous American minds now because Gen. Blanco once reported that a broadside from our ships had killed a mule. Twelve years have passed since the mule was so tremendously taken off, and there is no patriotic resentment with us that will prevent our children from reading Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy's story of "Christmas in Spain, or, Mariquita's Day of Rejoicing" (Dana Estes and Company, Boston). Mariquita's lover was a soldier who was in trouble for some not too dreadful breach of discipline, and Mariquita's rejoicing, which befell at Christmas, was in consequence of his pardon and release from prison. The story tells how Anita and Antonio went out with their father Señor Vasquez, who was also a soldier, on the day before Christmas in old Seville, and how after buying sweetmeats and looking at the yellow River Guadalquivir from the Triana Bridge, and after taking some presents to the sick soldiers in the hospital the three called upon the Governor and obtained the pardon and release of Mariquita's soldier, who presented himself to her. Mariquita at the following morning, it was a glad and grateful time, and there are pictures as well as the text to show that it was.

The Constable de Bourbon.

To the historian there are few more tragic figures than that of Charles de Bourbon, nearly the equal of three absolute monarchs, Francis I., Henry VIII and Charles V., who died as the homeless leader of a mercenary band while storming the walls of Rome. In ability he surpassed the three; he made no mistakes and his misfortunes were forced upon him by the changes in the times. So near was he to escaping from them that, if France had died without a family, he would have been King of France. He came upon the stage after Louis XI had destroyed feudal power in France, when the idea of nationality and of the King's preeminence had been fixed firmly in France and England. He possessed by inheritance and through marriage a compact body of provinces in which feudal traditions survived, situated close to the eastern frontier. He was the nearest blood relation to a King, who had seemed no further removed from the throne than he. A century earlier he could have played the part of an independent ruler, like the Dukes of Burgundy or of Orleans, or the accession of Francis I. Charles de Bourbon accepted the existing conditions and tried to be his loyal friend, he accompanied the King to Italy, helped him win the battle of Marignano and showed remarkable gifts as a commander and as an administrator. He hoped to be allowed to rule his domains in peace. But he was too rich, too powerful and too near the throne for a subject and Francis undertook to deprive him of his possessions by legal chicanery. Bourbon was tempted by Charles V. and Henry VIII, to turn against Francis, but refused until he found that the courts were to be forced to decide against him. He might have held true and those to escape and entered the service of Charles V., abandoning all his possessions. It was self-preservation as well as greed that inspired Francis, but Bourbon had his revenge by helping to defeat him at Pavia. After that Bourbon was unable to obtain from Charles money to pay his mercenaries with; they forced him to lead them to sack some great city, luck turned them aside from Florence, so they attacked Rome. Bourbon, the only man who could have controlled them, was killed as they entered the city and the sack of Rome became memorable for ages.

In trying to tell this romantic true story in "Charles de Bourbon, Constable of France" (John Lane Company), Mr. Christopher Hare has undertaken a task entirely beyond his powers. His general knowledge of history seems scanty, he has no idea of perspective and is even unable to make the commonplace of French genealogy and history clear. He is unaware of the strength of Bourbon's case and is apologetic where he should be aggressive. His attitude is justified, it is true, by the verdict of history, for the sense of French nationality was strong enough to sanction the attitude of Francis and to brand Bourbon as a traitor for all time in spite of his wrongs. But the broad currents of history are hidden from Mr. Hare; he can only follow the chronicle blindly, saying whatever he can in favor of his hero. The story is an expert handling and the book will be read with interest, for Mr. Hare does follow his authorities. What a story he might have made of it if he had had some real knowledge of the period and the men, if he had had the remarkable and important genealogical complications clear and if he had not looked on Bourbon and his career as a mere incident in the life and art of the Renaissance.

Cathedral Hunters.

The chief attraction in the two volumes of "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France," by Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is in the excellent photographs, taken by the latter, which illustrate the book. The authors between them have by this time nearly "done" the French cathedrals, only Amiens and the North remain. The title is inaccurate, for, though many of the edifices described lie within the geographical limits of the title, the authors go far beyond them for their examples, to Rouen and Reims on

the one hand, to Bourges and Tours on the other.

As these books proceed the style of the author of the text becomes more didactic and more pretentious. It must surely be possible to repeat the information derived from other books more directly than in the introduction, which explains what cathedrals and bishops and symbols are. We are pleased to learn that Prof. Barrett Wendell was impressed by a cathedral, but neither that fact nor the expression of his feelings seem worthy of being recorded so reverently. When it comes to personal observation of buildings the text has its value. The author contents herself with the broad divisions into "early" and "mature" Gothic where further classification might have been desired, but she has looked at her churches with intelligence. She mercifully includes some flamboyant cathedrals in her description, the "pseudo classic" examples of Blois and Versailles are added to show the degradation from Gothic days. The last is so bad that the author steps down from the lecture platform and tells of it in a travel story that hardly accords with the rest of the book. The map should have been limited to the district described and the index might be more helpful. The reader, however, will gain from the book a close view of more French cathedrals, some of which are often overlooked by travellers, and in time the authors of this series will doubtless have them all described.

Mr. Dulac's Beautiful Pictures.

No handsomer holiday book is issued this season than "The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales," illustrated by Mr. Edmund Dulac (Hodder and Stoughton; George H. Doran Company). Perrot's tales are retold by Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who here infringes on Mr. Andrew Lang's domain and also writes a pleasant introduction. Why he should say that the stories are translated from the Old French we cannot make out, but he certainly knows enough about French literature not to blunder. This is in no sense a book for children; it is far too expensive and too artistic. The beauty and the appropriateness of the typography can only be appreciated by those who know what fine books are, and even if children will find pleasure in looking at Mr. Dulac's pictures, these will be enjoyed far more by those who know what good pictures are.

There are only four stories in the quarto volume, but they serve to exhibit two sides at least of Mr. Dulac's talent and his ability to catch the spirit of the text he endeavors to illustrate. In most of the pictures for "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Cinderella," in drawing and color, he follows the style of the French illustrators of the eighteenth century with a daintiness and charm that are his own; Watteau would not be ashamed of them; in "Bluebeard" and to a large extent in "Beauty and the Beast," he reverts to the Oriental style of his delightful "Arabian Nights" illustrations. Each one of the thirty pictures is satisfactory and many who acquire the volume may be tempted to remove them from the book and hang them on their walls.

The Edinburgh Conference.

The full official report of the great "World's Missionary Conference," held at Edinburgh last summer, is published in nine volumes, by Oliphant, Anderson and Fernier and the Fleming H. Revell Company. The proceedings of each of the eight commissions into which the conference was divided are printed in separate volumes, while the ninth volume contains the general transactions and addresses.

The conference was called for the purpose of consultation and exchange of views, not to determine lines of action. It was attended by representatives of all the Protestant churches, American and European. With the Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Lutherans were joined the smaller sects that are interested in missionary enterprise, Adventists, Christians, Quakers, Mennonites and German, French, Belgian, Scandinavian, Finnish, Dutch and Swiss Protestant bodies. These all found common ground for agreement in the various questions that were considered.

William Sharp. It is possible to read between the lines of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Sharp's memoir of her husband, "William Sharp" (Duffield and Company) how "Fiona Macleod" came into existence. The book itself is the life of William Sharp, an interesting life because of his friendships and acquaintances, but containing only the picture of industrial literary activity, with little that was unusual after the first difficulties were overcome. It was right that we should be reminded of the excellent biographies Sharp wrote, the "Shelley" and the "Horne," and that we should learn of his admirable editorial work for the Walter Scott publications. Natural as the biographer's admiration for all his works may be, we fear that few can find much poetry of distinction in what he wrote under his own name.

From the biography we gather that he went to London with conventional ideas of a literary career, that he sought the acquaintance of people who could help him and that he followed the fashion of the day in the verse he wrote. When he attained a certain degree of prosperity he ventured to let himself loose. Encouraged by a woman friend, whom he met in Rome, and who exerted a strong influence on him through the rest of his life, he went back to early impressions, to the things that really took him, and ventured out with the first "Fiona Macleod" stories. He was afraid of them or of the effect their lack of success might have on his William Sharp reputation, and so used a pseudonym, and having begun he held it even at the cost of some disingenuousness. "Fiona Macleod" is the poet, a greater poet in prose than in verse, that William Sharp chose to stifle till the last years of his life.

With the biography comes the last volume of "The Writings of Fiona Macleod" (Duffield and Company), containing "Poems and Dramas" completing that very convenient edition of the "House of Usher" and Mrs. Sharp's biographical note explains the chronological sequence of the poems.

The Memorial Meredith. With the two new volumes of the dignified and attractive "Memorial" edition of "The Works of George Meredith," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Vol. XIX containing "The Amazing Marriage" and Vol. XX which he left of "Society and Saxon" all the long books are ready.

The remaining volumes will contain stories, essays and poems and that final volume of variants in the text which we await with interest. The portraits of Meredith in a boat and with children are very attractive.

A Book for Sportsmen. Whatever Mr. H. Hesketh-Prichard's skill with the rifle may be, and from "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness" (Sturgis and Walton Company) we judge that it is not to be sneezed at, that same volume demonstrates that he can handle the camera to perfection.

The photographs are wonderfully clear and good; the other pictures cannot compare with them in quality, though they illustrate their points well.

The author wanders far afield for his game. He hunts on the plains of Patagonia and on the slopes of the Andes; he chases elk in Norway. The more interesting experiences, however, are on this continent, in Labrador, Newfoundland and lower Canada. He was after big game, caribou and moose. He writes simply and directly, and sportsmen will enjoy his descriptions of the chase and of life in the open. The book is admirably printed in a large quarto volume.

The Story of Edison. Some day without doubt a critical account will be written of the life of Thomas Alva Edison and of his services in the application of electricity to commercial purposes. No man so far has shown more ingenuity in obtaining practical results for science, and the story of what he has done is more interesting than most fairy tales. It is told adequately, though in a sustained tone of eulogy, by Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas Commerford Martin in "Edison: His Life and Inventions," in two volumes (Harpers). It is an authorized biography, as Mr. Edison stamps his consent upon it. The authors have been pretty close

Continued on Tenth Page.

By the famous author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Bobby Burnit," Etc., Etc.

YOUNG WALLINGFORD

"Mr. George Randolph Chester's novel 'Young Wallingford' is an amusing and exciting tale. We found it cleaner cut and more surprising than 'Bobby Burnit.' This Wallingford was a startling fellow. His genius in planning to acquire and in acquiring 'easy money' was exercised picturesquely and gayly and with overflowing good will and generosity.

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pluses which were within the alphabetical limits are those of the Popes called Leo, with a full account of the last of the name, of Pope Liberius and the several Marins. Among the saints are the evangelists Luke and Mark, the various Marys, Lawrence and Margaret and the Loans of Rome, Mantegna and Masaccio, of other worthies Cardinal Lavigne, Leontiz, and above all, Martin Luther.

Under Latin, the forgotten author of it, is a full account of the Gregorian calendar, the illustrated article on Manuscripts is very complete; so are those on Law, both civil and canon, and on Freemasonry. On theological matters long articles deal with Lessons, Litany, Liturgy, Marriage, the Mass, on more general subjects that on Latin is noteworthy, as are those on Legends, Libraries, Martyrs and Limbo. Among the sects described are the Manchus and the Maronites, among the places London, Louvain, Malta and the Lateran. The illustrations are beautiful and good and the encyclopedia is kept up to the high standard set by its editors at the beginning. It is invaluable not only to Catholics but to all who wish to understand Catholic institutions and the Catholic point of view.

The Edinburgh Conference. The full official report of the great "World's Missionary Conference," held at Edinburgh last summer, is published in nine volumes, by Oliphant, Anderson and Fernier and the Fleming H. Revell Company. The proceedings of each of the eight commissions into which the conference was divided are printed in separate volumes, while the ninth volume contains the general transactions and addresses.

In his illustrations for "Mr. Pickwick" (Hodder and Stoughton; George H. Doran Company) Mr. Frank Reynolds has made a determined effort to get away from caricature and to find living persons who may resemble the characters in Dickens's book. The best of his pictures are apparently portraits and it is interesting to note in how far the types he has selected agree with the notions inherited from "Punch." Facile that appears at once are, that the illustrations look like some important characters, that he is too fond of others and that he shows unfamiliarity with the text.

His hero seemingly is Mr. Jingle, and his idea of that worthy, we should judge was taken from the late Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Pickwick is a stout old gentleman, but lacks something of his kindliness and good humor; his three companions are adequate, but the illustration misses Mr. Winkle's sporting trunks. Sam Weller has a shrewd, humorous face, but is not the Sam of our fancy, and we wholly decline to accept Mr. Reynolds's counterfeit presentations of Tony Weller and Arabella Allen; on the other hand, Wardle and Sergeant Buffum, on the other hand, are capital. The illustrations of scenes from the story are pretty, but have not much character.

The text, which is beautifully printed, consists of extracts from the "Pickwick Papers." The book makes a handsome holiday book. The chief interest is in the new view of old friends that the illustrator offers.

A very instructive and entertaining book has been written by Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown on "British Costume During Nineteen Centuries" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The author not only lectures on the subject, but has been an expert adviser for the pageants which are popular in England now. She writes with German thoroughness and definiteness, following the changes in fashions instead of lumping several styles under one widespread period, and describing each article of apparel, male and female, minutely. She helps out her descriptions with countless illustrations, some in color.

Mrs. Ashdown very wisely stops with the end of the reign of George III., when knee breeches went out of style and it may be said that "costume" ended. The revival of early nineteenth century fashions might make a continuance of the subject confusing, for the fashions that are wholly past her book seems to be a very complete and satisfactory record. It is easy to laugh at the absurd headgear, for instance, but we are unprepared to say that any medieval eccentricity shown in this volume surpasses what has been worn on women's heads in recent years or what may be seen on the streets to-day. The remarkably pretty young woman, whom the author employed to wear the costumes shown in the colored pictures, makes the queer Planchette headresses attractive, and if equally good looking young persons were to wear them now, no doubt man would accept them. The illustrations are from contemporary miniatures, pictures, tombstones and other records and the information drawn from them is trustworthy. An excellent book.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. That valuable book of reference "The Catholic Encyclopedia," published by the Robert Appleton Company, is progressing fast. Volume IX, covering articles from La Roche through Mass, follows its predecessor after an interval of only four months. It not only bears the imprimatur of Archbishop Farley, but contains an article by him on Cardinal McCloskey, while Cardinal Gibbons writes of his friend the Abbe Magnien of St. Mary's Seminary. Among the notable biogra-

The other Lawrenceville stories. The Prodigal Son, \$1.50. The Humming Bird, 90 cents.

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HARPERS BOOKS

Next week brings the first of the Holidays. The others to come—especially Christmas—will be made happier if you mix forethought with your thanksgiving now. Here are some new holiday books ready a little earlier than usual—that you may be spared the hurry and rush later on. These fine new books can now be had anywhere.

The Slant Book

Fun is waiting aplenty for the readers of this, Peter Newell's strange new book. You never saw anything like it. The slant is real, the pitch is sharp and the humor of it bumps out as a hilarious youngster in a go-cart slides down each page. His adventures are for grown-ups as well as for children. The pictures are in color and the verses are just as bright. The truth is, this new book is even better than "The Hole Book," which made everybody laugh last year.

The Way to Peace

Not for a gift alone, but to read and embrace, is this new book by Margaret Deland. The pictures by Alice Barber Stephens are in perfect accord with the sweetness of the story—an episode in the life of a husband and wife, told with simple strength and deep understanding. Its theme is an unusual one—the danger of following an impulse, even when that impulse is apparently for good, unless one is prepared to take all the consequences.

Tama

Art in picture and story distinguishes this new book by Onoto Watanna—a complete embodiment of the holiday book. A Japanese artist, Genjiro Kataoka, has made the pictures—reproduced in Japanese colors. Here is told the tale of an American college professor who goes to Japan as a teacher and meets the "fox woman" who, in reality, is the daughter of a priestess of Buddha.

Adventures of Tom Sawyer

The demand for a genuinely fine edition of Mark Twain's great story has steadily increased until now the publishers believe such a book will meet with a welcome wide enough to justify the outlay. That the pictures might have accuracy and atmosphere, the artist, Worth Brehm, went to Missouri and spent some time in the actual localities. He has made sixteen drawings of more than ordinary interest. The book has been made throughout with every care for painstaking workmanship—from entirely new plates.

A Chariot of Fire

A little book to bring a lump to the throat is this story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. A working-man, overwrought with anxiety for his son—injured in an accident miles away—appeals at a stranger's door for means to reach his boy. The stranger is touched, orders out his car and the two rush through the night in the "chariot of fire." You must experience this suspense, this rush onward through the darkness and the underplay of emotion.

Mary Cary

There is now ready, in full green leather binding, a new holiday edition of this little book of the heart, about which one critic said: "Let's be glad for books like Mary Cary." Another writer said: "Worthy of being received into all the households of America, a story that will be as much of a favorite as Mrs. Wiggs."

HARPERS HARPERS HARPERS MAGAZINE BAZAR WEEKLY

NOW READY

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